

Remember – No Disintegrations!

RtF 2019 Fiction Bonus Competition submission from GN John T Clark

Prologue

not far from the New Republic-Emperor's Hammer border

An eerie light illuminated the grey hull of the Imperial Star Destroyer *Challenge*. The nearby nebula glowed from the effects of the various stages of star creation that happened in it's deep core. Lightning from static discharge flashed through the swirly arms, also reaching out towards the lumbering form of the TCCOM's flagship.

While another blast barely missed the *Challenge* another flash occurred some way out. From one second to the next another Star Destroyer had appeared, within a few minutes the small forms of a Lambda-class shuttle and it's TIE fighter escort left the ISDII *Hammer's* hangars. The three ships headed straight for the flagship, seeming miniscule next to the giant form of the nebula.

"I hate not flying myself.", exclaimed Delta Squadron's Colonel Phoenix Berkana. Affirmative grunts from the assembled Wing I squadron commanders and their Commodore filled the shuttle's VIP interior. "Yeah, or whatever you do in that Howlrunner of your's..." quipped Epsilon's General Clark, to the tune of some chuckles. "Sir, what exactly does Admiral Mitchell want from us, that he couldn't send over secure communications, or maybe a courier?", asked Alpha's Commander Alejandro Araujo, speaking to his COM. Admiral Prower revealed a vulpine smile before answering: "Something about this year's Raise the Flag. With all the trouble we had in the past years he has some kind of special plan this year." He looked out the window towards the approaching form of the *Challenge*, "We'll all know in a couple of minutes." He ended the conversation for now. The assembled squadron commanders continued their light hearted banter, while the shuttle entered the hangar and landed.

On exiting they were greeted by one of Admiral Mitchell's aides and lead to the main conference room, just aft of the operations centre not far from the *Challenge's* bridge. Pete Mitchell was already consuming some unidentifiable liquid with the assembled Wing II Commodore and Commanders. Apparently the *Warrior* had experienced some issues related to missing reactor coolant and thus had been unable to make the trip to the meeting place herself. Thus the TCCOM had decided to pick up the other half of his strike force leaders before making the trip himself. Following the usual greetings the meeting began in earnest. Admiral Mitchell's started his presentation with the latest intelligence information on New Republic formations near the Emperor's Hammer territories and a breakdown of the overall political situation, overall interrupted by detail questions from the assembled officer corps. All in all the situation was quiet, silent even. Since the strong confrontation enticed by a warmongering faction inside the Republican government some years ago, the border has solidified and skirmishes had been minor. A kind of unofficial "neutral zone" had formed, spanning several systems that were patrolled by both Emperor's Hammer and Republican long range fighters. These patrols were uncoordinated, but thanks to the vast expanse of space, there had been less than a dozen encounters between the rivalling factions, each usually ending with force present first jumping out of the system before contact was made. With pirate activity also on a new low Admiral Mitchell thus had made a decision: the TIE-Corps forces needed to hone their skills and keep the blade sharp, while also not risking an all out war, or large scale combat operation. "You need to play some pranks on those obnoxious Republican patrols." He finished his presentation, grinning widely. "What do you mean, prank them?", asked Admiral Prower, tails twisting in a nervous fashion. "Oh, I don't know, that's up to your discretion!", the TIE-Corps Commander replied, having another sip from his glass. "We just want to stay sharp, and show them that they are not as sharp as they believe, on account that we haven't killed them all.", he took another. "But remember, all out war is pretty expensive, so no disintegrations!" Whoever had to take the written minutes from the meeting's voice record didn't have much fun in the next part of it. In disbelief, confusion and even anger the assembled squadron commanders and admirals exploded into an all out, everyone at the same time, discussion of the issue at hand.

Hours later and back in the shuttle the mood of the Wing I officers had changed from agitated to thoughtful. "I want everyone of you to come up with a plan by oh-eight-hundred three days from now.", Admiral Prower exclaimed, "We'll show Pete and the others who is the sharpest tool in the inventory!"

Alpha's operation

"No I need that by Thursday, no I can't wait until the end of the month, no I don't care if those are usually referred to as antiques, no I don't care if it's something that's not on the approved table of equipment.", Alejandro Araujo listened to another stream of insults from the *Hammer's* Chief procurement officer. "Yes, it is important, yes it has been approved by both the COM and the TCCOM, yes I can do you a small favour.", he stopped. "What favour?", he listened to the explanation. "I think I can clear that operation with Admiral Prower, but I will not try for another go if that information of your does not fan out.", he listened again. "Okay", he checked the detailed map just send to his COMMs display, "no it doesn't matter if there might be another frigate or two." He flipped through the squadron inventory: "These warheads are close to their approved shelf life anyway, so we can fire them all." Listening some more, he made a couple of notes. "Okay, we have a deal. But I want to see the first half of my delivery before we go on the mission on Wednesday.", another stream of curses, some of which were new to the Commander. "I'm very glad you see it my way, see you Wednesday night!"

Lieutenant Starithm sat in his TIE-Defender and was sweating into his flightsuit. Heavily. It was his first major combat operation as a flight leader, and he absolutely had to be sharp. Alpha's advanced missile boats were so heavily loaded with heavy warheads that they were not much to count on in a dogfight. "Nervous?", the flight's old hand, Colonel Talons Pride, asked over the private channel. The transmitted heavy gulp sent a nostalgic smile onto Talons' face. "Being nervous is perfectly normal. Intelligence and reconnaissance show worst case a squadron of alphabet fighter and uglies." The Colonel re-checked the friendly green lights on his weapons board, "I'd be amazed if we need any of those concussions missiles." Starithm closed his eyes and counted to five. There wasn't sweat piling on the bottom of his boots. He was sitting in one of the best star fighters ever made. He had survived dozens of combat missions in TIE-line fighters and TIE-interceptors, scoring a dozen kills while being somewhere in the depths of the Emperor's Hammer military. He had been selected for and aced TIE-Corps evaluation, being flight lead in less than a month. He opened his channel: "Thanks, Talons, I know what we're capable of.", determined he grabbed his controls, "let's kick some ass!"

Alpha Squadron assembled a couple of clicks from the *Hammer* and prepared to jump. Coordinates and computing had been provided by the Star Destroyer's navigation department and thus it took only a couple of minutes of final system checks and booting the hyperdrives. "Go." Commander Araujo ordered. Stars turned into stripes, then the unnatural swirl of hyperspace and several seconds later into faintly glowing orbs again. Sensors were set to full power, no need to be subtle for this mission, and quickly every squadron pilot had a clear picture of the combat area. The Asteroid base was, of course, exactly where it was supposed to be along with some laser armed mines. The scans showed one beaten up Nebulon-B frigate sitting very close to the asteroid, three Consular-class refits and one, based on energy readings, badly beaten up Lancer-Class. Taking in the information and comparing to prepared information and plans Alejandro made a decision: "One and Two on attack pattern Echo, Three deployment pattern Alpha, keep your eyes peeled for anything small and nasty!"

Starithm put his Defender into a strong turn, and manoeuvred according to the expected enemy fighter complements. Shaking his head he tuned into his Flight's Comm channel: "These morons don't even have a fighter escort deployed. Keep your eyes on the Frigate and the base, the C7Dies and the Lancer will be toast in a few."

Completely unopposed Alpha squadron moved into it's pre-planned positions and the Spectres launched the first volley of heavy rockets. The Lancer frigate opened defensive fire quickly, laying down a devastating rain of green laser into the path of the lumbering rockets. It might have been enough to safe himself and the Consular's against one or two missile boats, but against the coordinated assault from eight attackers it didn't do much good. Two of the Consular crews had been sleeping, or were at least reacting as if, doing nothing. The third was quicker and turned it's bow towards the advancing rockets, receiving only one glancing blow or near miss. Thus within the first two minutes of the engagement three glowing debris fields filled the space formerly occupied by two Old Republican and one old Imperial frigate. That was about when the first fighters started to appear launching from the Nebulon-B and the main base. And it was at this time the 'captain' of the remaining Consular-class made his decisions and launched his ship into an emergency escape into hyperspace. The Spectre missile boats had manoeuvred into their next firing position, but the targeting computers took their sweet time calculating trajectories towards the defensive minefield, base turrets and, of course, the Nebulon-B.

Flight III's time had come and it split into two elements targeting the two waves of advancing fighters. Closing the distance fast, Lieutenant Starithm was quick to identify the first three fighters launched from the Frigate as plain and simple A-Wings. While very capable fighters in the right hands, he doubted they were in those at the moment, as they launched themselves straight at the advancing missile boats oblivious to any star fighter opposition. The next 'flight' launched seemed to be composed of some weird X-Wing/TIE-Fighter hybrids that were only slowly accelerating away from their mother-ship. One of the cover-plans discussed in the pre-flight briefing had composed a similar situation, so the young Lieutenant had to open his COMM for only one word: "Boulder". A quick glance showed his wingman spreading up as planned and thus Starithm had plenty of time to re-check his quad lasers and keep an eye on his distance to target. When the lead indicator turned green he took

a breath and pushed down on his trigger. The result was almost immediate and as immediate as in simulator training. Green fingers of laser-fire from two TIE-Defenders arched towards the computed intercept points, with no indication of any reaction three A-wings turned into expanding rings of ceramics and metal. At least this spurred the supporting uglies to change their trajectories towards the Emperor's Hammer fighters. Closing the distance swiftly one of the hybrids exploded after being hit by a concussion missile fired by Lieutenant Shawn Erso. The resulting 2-vs-2 dogfight took longer than expected, as the enemy monstrosities proved surprisingly manoeuvrable and well shielded. After a frantic few minutes Starithm found the time to comprehensively check his sensor screen and find that the only remaining opposition consisted of the asteroid base itself.

"We surrender, repeat we surrender, all remaining weapons are being powered down and we await your demands." The surrender was not unexpected, and the powering down of weapons was superfluous as there were no remaining turrets or mines. Alejandro opened the GUARD channel: "We've heard you've got several crates of bright pink star fighter paint." He shook his head, "So, we'd like to acquire these if you don't mind."

Alpha's missile boats returned to the *Hammer* as heavily loaded as they had launched, his time the heft of the heavy missile replaced by transport containers filled with dozens of cans of paint.

The remaining 'transaction' with the quartermaster was uneventful. Why ever he would trade several dozen completely droid filled and operational Discord missiles for several hundred litres of rare, but not unobtainable pink paint remained a mystery to Commander Araujo.

Delta's Operation

"Yes, Clark.", Colonel Berkana sighted, "Yes, if that's what it takes we should be able to do that." He listened to his friend General Clark's further expositions. "Yes, it might be really funny if it all works together. No I don't know what Alejandro is planning." Another small sight, "Yes' should be done by Wednesday." He rechecked the files that he had opened up during the 'negotiations'. Apparently the transport group had left Colla System some 21 BBY, and had been headed towards the Outer Rim, close to the current Emperor's Hammer territories, before losing contact. Phoenix shrugged, his sources cross referenced with ISB intelligence strongly hinted the loot was ripe for the taking.

Impulse looked over the rim of the PAD given to him by his Squadron Leader. "You do understand, that this is technically beyond Science Office authority?", he asked. "Please. I mean, pretty please?", Phoenix Berkana replied, as he had two times before. Shaking his head Impulse sighed again. "Alright, I will draft up the order, and get you an assault transport and some tugs. And by you I mean us. You'll not launch into that mayhem by yourself." Grinning Phoenix shook the SCO's hand. "Glad we came to an agreement, I'll be off preparing then." The Colonel excused himself and left. That left Impulse alone with his thoughts. His records had shown that the Science Office's information on these things were slim, the original records once upon a time copied from the depths of the Imperial Archives on Coruscant corrupted. Technically that should actually fall into his purview, and maybe there was some valuable information gained by providing minimal support. After all the operation should be covered by Admiral Mitchells RfF orders after all.

Phoenix and Anahorn Dempsey were sitting somewhere in deep space, their TIE-Phantoms at minimum power, waiting for their rendezvous. "You think Imp will show up? His other job is being an Admiral now, and believe me when I say that's usually were your loyalty lies once you are in that situation." Dempsey asked, speaking with years of 'dual head' experience. "He promised, so he'll be here." Berkana replied, trying not to sound too hopeful. All worries ended a few minutes later when a lone TIE-Defender jumped into the system, quickly followed by an assault transport and several cargo tugs. Invisible to the newcomers, Phoenix powered up his long range COMM suite and signalled Impulse. Without many words the 'taksforce' manoeuvred into position for their next jump. During the micro-jump the unrealness of hyperspace had barely time to register and the group exited very close to an immensely dense asteroid field. "You proceed as planned." Impulse ordered, eliciting two affirmative clicks into the static of the COMM channel. The TIE-Phantoms proceeded into the swirling asteroids, carefully moving between the stone blocks and keeping an eye out for their target. As shields were needed in that environment the Phantoms' stealth systems were powered down, only the absorbing coating and zero active emissions contributed to their cover. But still they were a lot less visible than a TIE-Defender or the other ships. As they began to slowly close the distance to their target Phoenix held his breath. They evaded another big asteroid and Berkana audible exhaled, as he had seen a glimpse of an old transport, and scattered remains of cargo boxes around it. When the remains came into full view the Colonel was exhilarated. Just as his sources had claimed here was the derelict Colloid Creations transport and its cargo consisted of.....He was startled by a bump on his hull. If that had been an asteroid it would have ripped right through the wing, but now that couldn't be. The alarms provided the answer just seconds later. "To hell with stealth, Dempsey, I've got one on me, it off me!" he opened his channel and set his shields and weapons to maximum recharge, while a single Buzz droid started to saw into the expensive fighter's hull. The

single old droid was quickly taken care of with a quick burst by Colonel Dempsey, but that was only the beginning. Apparently several cargo crates had split open when the transport had been hit by an asteroid. During the past decades the control circuits of the exposed Buzz-Droids had decayed in the radiation of space, activating dozens of them. "That was not a good idea, boss!" Anahorn exclaimed taking her third kill. Getting these small beasts would take all afternoon...

All in all the operation proved less easy as hoped, but at least the fighters had only been superficially damaged. One of the Stormtroopers Impulse had provided had been wounded by the automated defence systems on the transport. But they had managed to secure five full crates of Droids and several dozen Discord missiles, just waiting to be filled. Two of the crates went directly to Science Office laboratories, as had been agreed upon before. While the returning TIE-Phantoms escorting several loaded cargo tugs elicited some raised eyebrows with the *Hammer's* hangar crew, the official Science Office orders declared this an operation according to regulations.

After a quick shower Berkana and Dempsey unloaded the cargo crates, function checked the droids and filled the missiles. It was a tedious affair, but they hoped it would be worth it. At the agreed upon time General Clark and several of Delta's pilots entered the hangar, carrying several ominous boxes. Phoenix moved towards his old Commander and shook his hand. "We've got it all sorted out for you already." He motioned to the nearest box, "I reckon this is what I've asked for?", he asked closing the distance. When he came within thirty centimetres of the box a sharp hiss escaped from it, stopping the Colonel in his tracks. "I wouldn't recommend getting to close until they're asleep again." Clark chuckled, handing over a neat attaché-case filled with several syringes of barbiturates. "And I wouldn't recommend using this stuff for anything else." He smiled sheepishly, "this stuff can let a Bantha sleep for hours, it will knock these guys out for a day or so." While Phoenix cradled the case, Clark moved over to inspect the wares. "Wow, those look brand new, they'll do nicely." Smiling he took out his personal COMM and made a quick call, then motioned to his assembled pilots. "Okay these need to be in Hangar fourteen in twenty minutes, so better get cracking." The two squadron commanders shook hands again. Within a few minutes the crates of missiles and their cargo had disappeared from Delta's hangar deck. The trade surely was worth it. While Phoenix had heard rumours about what strangeness could be found among the legendary Chalquilla distilleries aboard the *Challenge* Clark was the only person he trusted that had served aboard the ship. Who else to get such delicate cargo to him, and after all the Droids were of no real military use. Whatever anyone would want with a few dozen ancient missiles remained a mystery to him.

Epsilon's operation

"No, fire engine red will not do." General Clark listened to the procurement Chief, "Yes, I think I can get you your stuff by Wednesday afternoon.", John listened further, "No, I don't see why it would be so difficult for you to get a couple of painting droids modified, these are written off anyway." he took a few notes, "Yes, that's doable. No, one crate, not two. Yes I know you can hold your liquor." rolling his eyes Clark let the rant wash over him. "So we're in agreement? Excellent!" He made sure the channel was actually closed: "What a douche..." The general re-checked the notes from a previous conversation and made another call: "Phoenix, yeah it's me. So listen about these droids of your's..."

"Maybe Pete has re-decorated since he took over." Woody tried to offer weakly. "You've seen what they've been drinking two days ago. If there's Chalquilla the rest will still be there as well." Pellaeon interjected. Clark took his friend's arm: "You know everything is still in place. And you know they are too lazy to have changed the access codes." General Elwood shrugged in resignation: "Okay, fine we'll do as you said.", he looked at Pell, "but we'll be taking the *Krümelmonster* it's the least suspicious and has enough cargo space." The three shook hands: "Deal!"

The Chief procurement officer shook his head, but gladly pocketed the credit stick. How a dozen live animal cages, a few stun-blasters and some gas grenades were linked to delivering Discord-missiles was... well, actually he didn't really care. He watched the YT-1300 disengage the *Hammer's* officer's hangar and made the required notes in the log. As far as he knew Admiral Prower had approved all of the operations he had agreed too, if these weirdoes paid him extra even better.

The *Krümelmonster* was diving through hyperspace at maximum power, and it needed to because time was short. Colonel Gyssler and the young Commander DarkSith had joined the three 'old men' in their operation. "Why, by all the ancient Sith, would they keep these locked away somewhere on the *Challenge*?" Dark enquired for the umpteenth time, not really believing any of it. "It's because of the Chalquilla!", it was Pell's turn to explain again: "You know it's the best alcoholic beverage ever made!" "And the strongest!", interjected Clark, irritating his friend, "And the squeezings are the secret ingredient.", continued Woody. "Plus, it's fun to shoot them.", ended Gyssler, "we even had some on the Sov back in the days..." The Commander still couldn't quite fathom it, but this time the 'elders' were saved by the navigation computer's three minute warning. The usual rushing around before hyperspace egress took place, and right on time Pellaeon retarded the levers and the swirl of

hyperspace changed back to stars, revealing the dark form of the *Challenge* not far away. Immediately the ship was hailed: "This is *Challenge* flight control, explain your business and submit access codes." Commander DarkSith took a deep breath and opened the channel: "This is the transport *Ursiva*. We're delivering food, supplies and stuff to the penal colony Rural and have to make an unscheduled stop for some repairs; transmitting emergency access codes now." Seconds felt to be turning into hours until the reply finally arrived: "This is *Challenge* control, your codes are valid, you're free to hangar twelve. As a friendly note make sure to upgrade the codes, they're almost expired."

Relaxed Pell followed the provided navigation vector, while Gyssler re-checked his 'spacer outfit'. Clark smiled at the Colonel: "You're looking your part, you know the plan and you know what repairs we've arranged." He stood to meet Woody and DarkSith at the rear ramp: "We've got twenty minutes and you're going. We will be there!"

Dim lighting filled the corridors around the reactor compartments of the *Challenge*, the ongoing low hum of power being transferred through the ship was shattered by a loud bang as the access hatch of a secondary ventilation shaft fell from the ground, followed by General Elwood, who landed deftly and rolled to the left, blaster at the ready. "Clear!" within seconds several animal cages hit the floor, followed by three more officers. "Okay, you three get the goods, I'll get a crate of Chalquilla." DarkSith and Pellaeon lifted the cages and followed the advancing Woody. Clark advanced slowly, counting bulkheads in his head. Number thirty-five should be it, he touched the wall panel, and lifted it out of the fittings. Carefully the General entered the hidden passageway, just ten more meters until the distillery and... the thought process was interrupted by an angry hiss. Clark hefted his blaster and shouted: "Come out you filthy beasts!" And the noise was all the Ewoks needed to comply, three of them, jumped into the hallway, howling angrily. Brandishing some makeshift hatchets they launched themselves at Clark, but were dropped by a volley of stun-fire. "Come on you can do better!", looking all around John advanced towards his loot crate. Apparently these had been the only beasts here, and there was the price on a two metres high shelf. A fully filled crate of Chalquilla, sitting just out of reach of the pests.

Back at the point of entry the three others were already waiting, the cages filled with stunned Ewoks. "Awesome, now get's back to the ship!"

Undocking was no hassle, as Gyssler had not even needed to exchange a single word with any of the bored hangar crew. The flight back to the *Hammer* was uneventful, even though the first few Ewoks woke up out of the stun during it. Some covers over the cages made them relatively docile, though. Just in time the *Krümmonster* had docked again, and some other squadron members helped transport the cages towards their meeting with Delta, and then the quartermaster. A few hours later, Clark and the boys were sitting in their hangar, filling painting droids with large amounts of wonderfully pink paint. "Boss, what would anyone want with Ewoks?" Kyle Kroan asked.

Epilogue

not far from the New Republic-Emperor's Hammer border

Asylum station was brand-new, and only operational for seven months. It was the home-base for several fighter squadrons and a small strike force covering the border area. So far there had been not a single incident, and thus this was a special day. Two long range patrols had reported emergencies, and thus the station was on full alert. Nervously Colonel Dough Slawski was waiting for the return of his flights, and any further news. Finally the first X-Wings of blue squadron entered the hagar, looking badly mauled. Slawski counted in his head, on reaching the final eight he turned and motioned to the deck chief to send the patrol leader to the conference room for debriefing.

About an hour later both blue and gold squadron leaders were sitting in debriefing with their Colonel. "Can you say that again? You've been ambushed by Imperial Squadron's and PRANKED!" The two officers were clearly uneasy with the situation, "Yessir!" "Allright, tell me the full details again, but slowly."

"We've got some Imp contacts, just jumped danger close, less than 20k away!" Blue Three informed his commanding officer. The Spectre missile boats turned onto the patrol and went to full power in a few seconds. "They're launching heavy rockets!", Five exclaimed, "What the hell for?" The eight X-Wings started a series of evasive manoeuvres, but the rockets didn't lock on any individual fighter. A few hundred metres in front of the scattering fighters the rockets exploded and showered the squadron not in deadly splinters but in Buzz droids. As they were prepared for a rocket blast, the Republican squadron did not react fast enough and several droids latched onto every fighter. Small saws and cutting lasers did start their work, unfathomed by the frantic evasive manoeuvres of the fighters. Slowly and deliberately the droids worked towards their goal: the main live-support-systems cutting into the air supply. Others headed for the cockpit windows, the lasers making small incisions into the Transparisteel. Small tubes were inserted into the cockpits and supply tubes, close to their goal the droids started injecting a gas into the essential live-support-system. "Oh my God, what is that!" screamed Blue Leader. A ghastly smell filled the cockpits as the droids injected their supply of hydrogen sulphide into the cockpits, keeping the supply of the abhorrently smelly gas at an absolutely unnerving but also absolutely safe five percent.

"They went to all that length to inject smelly gas into your cockpits?", Colonel Slawski couldn't believe it. "And that's what happened to you as well?" he asked Gold Leader. "No sir, actually..."

"It is a strange signal and thus we will check into it." Gold Two agreed: "Sure beats flying around doing nothing all day." The four B-Wings turned towards the strange signal source, sensor at full power. Not even a cloaked TIE-Phantom could sneak up on them. "There's a smalls signal buoy a couple of k at thirty-two decimal nineteen." Gold Lead identified the source of the ruckus, "The signal is so intensive, we can't make out any more details yet." The veteran pilot pondered his options. On the one hand it was stupid to close on an unidentified object, on the other hand it wasn't much bigger than a single mine and he had four heavily armoured and shielded fighters. "To hell with it, we're going in." he decided, "Keep sensors and shields at full power, this may be some kind of ambush." Slowly the B-Wings circled slower, the signal becoming stronger and stronger. Indeed it was 'some kind of ambush', Clark had read about this kind of mines in a paper on guerrilla tactics. The lure and trigger were the same, the extremely 'loud' signal bounced back on it's own frequency until the targets were close enough. With a blinding blue flash the EMP mine exploded, capturing all four B-Wings. Shields or armour were useless, and all but emergency systems immediately powered down. A few seconds later the pilots of Blue squadron watched in horror as several TIE-Advanced moved towards their helpless fighters. When the TIEs were close enough that the Imperial pilots could wave at their prey several forms were released from their missile pylons. The old painting droids started to circle the B-Wings and did their dirty work, Epsilon's pilots grinning devilishly under their helmets.

"Pink?", Slawski asked, "With glittery sparkles?" Gold Lead gulped it down, "And they added some kind of metal-composite sealing." He checked a small note he'd been given. "Maintenance said we can't get through that without the danger of melting through the top armour layers." "Why, why, why, why WHYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!", Slawski exploded. "It doesn't make the slightest sense. Why go to all these lengths just to make us feel bad?" The two Squadron leaders looked at each other, it had definitely, very slightly of course, impacted their fighter jock bravado. Colonel Slawski was just about to say some more when the COMM on the table started up: "Sir, err, we have a slight situation in the main reactor compartment.", muted banging and screaming could be heard in the background, "Well, I'm in the security room next to reactor, and inside hthe reactor control room are some kind of furry creatures with shock prods that are attacking everyone in sight." The technician sighted, "Miller tried to grab one from behind, but somehow they are slippery as if someone went to the lengths of greasing them up." Shivering he looked upon the twitching forms of his shocked colleagues writhing on the floor, the enraged Ewoks jumping all around howling viscosly. "Could you send some security my way, please?"

Phoenix Berkana smiled after exiting his docked TIE Phantom back on the *Hammer*. They never had a chance to see his cloaked fighters. He smiled, he needed to get Clark an extra drink for the glorious idea of covering the Ewoks in droid lubricant before releasing them

THE END